Spread your... wings

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Spread your... wings

by DrJLecter, orphan_account

Summary

Will catches the Chesapeake Ripper during a murder. Or so he thinks. Suddenly his world is turned upside down and nothing is as it is supposed to be and Hannibal being a murderer is the least of his problems.

(This sounds so serious, but this fic was just an excuse to write wing porn. Porn will be in Chapter 2 though. Apologies in advance XD)

Notes

Another fill for the Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive! So happy I managed another story for the Cannibal Pub. Love all of you guys. Thank you for brightening my life every day anew.

Also - many thanks to the Knitting Bar for cheering me on and thank you Hottie for coming up with that amazing title XDD

Betaed once again by my darling Llew. Thank you so much for all your hard work and especially for your enormous help with this fic. I was so close to just deleting the whole thing before you wrestled it out of my hands and helped me to find my way back into the story. It wouldn't exist without you.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

Chapter by DrJLecter

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Will walked carefully towards the old abandoned barn, gun drawn, feet slipping on frozen gravel. Once he'd talked to the last person on his list, who had turned out to be the wife of the killer he was looking for, it was easy to find out where the man killed his victims.

He'd thought for a moment about calling back up, but with it being a few days after New Year's Eve a lot of people were still on vacation and Will didn't want to call Jack away from Bella without being absolutely sure he was on the right track.

Seeing the light shining through the cracks between the old wooden planks, he knew he was right. His killer was right here, maybe even having another victim in his clutches.

Will didn't know how long he stood there staring at what was in front of him.

The interior was lit by old gas lamps, hanging from the sides of the old stable stalls. The air was filled with the smell of dust and old hay which covered most of the ground. The dim orange light illuminated only a small circle in the middle of the wide space, the rest swallowed by blackness.

Will had anticipated to be barging into a crime scene, but he definitely hadn't expected Dr. Hannibal Lecter standing in front of a strung up body, covered in blood, the knife still in hand.

Hannibal had acknowledged his presence with a short look over his shoulder before just turning around and continuing to "work" on his victim. Will had to admit he had no idea what to do after opening his mouth a few times without saying something.

Slowly he let his hands with the gun drop, feeling a bit silly pointing it at someone who didn't seem to care about the threat at all.

"You're the Chesapeake Ripper," he finally managed to say.

Hannibal didn't even pause in his cutting. "Indeed I am."

Will closed his eyes for a moment. The sharp taste of shock and disappointment crawled up his throat and he had to swallow down the need to dry heave. Sour acid churned in his stomach with the knowledge that his best friend was the FBI's number one serial killer. There was a hard pressure on his chest, making it hard to breathe and the gun threatened to slip out of his damp hands. White spots danced in front of his eyes and he felt faint as the sounds of parting flesh and dripping blood made his stomach roll.

“I had no idea,” he whispered, his free hand raking through the tangled mess of his hair. “I should’ve known. H…how could I have been so blind? I want... wanted…,” he took a shuddering breath, at a loss for words. He felt as if he should have known. How could he have been so blind?

The pause finally made Hannibal stop in what he was doing, turning fully around. He looked so calm. As if Will had met him in the supermarket pondering over which avocado was ripe enough for his dinner. Thoughts raced through his head, replaying months of meetings and talks, picking everything up he should have seen the first time and for a moment his knees went weak.

Will crouched down for a moment, not trusting his legs to keep him upright. The acid worked its way up his esophagus and he had to swallow the excessive amount of spit that gathered in his mouth. He refused to throw up now.

“What do you want, my dear Will?” Hannibal’s soft voice echoed through the empty barn and as usual it got to Will in ways he never wanted to admit. His breathing calmed again and with a shake of his head he found his balance again to stand back up. To cover up his reaction, Will put his gun away and stepped further into the room until he almost stood at arm’s length to Hannibal, his eyes trained on the dead man hanging from the ceiling.

Hannibal had weaved an amazing construct of ropes all through the barn to string the man into the middle of a giant spider’s web, before relieving him of most of his organs.

After a moment, Will remembered Hannibal had asked him a question and he tore his gaze from the patterns the blood painted on the man’s skin. Will lowered his voice almost to a whisper, a hiss. “I wanted you to be one of the few good things in my life.” He shook his head in disbelief. Thinking life gave him something good should have been warning enough.

Hannibal tilted his head.He lifted his arms from his sides as if to invite Will to look him over. A salesman praising his product. “Am I not perfect? Polite, helpful, a perfect gentlemen, former surgeon, highly talented in the kitchen, intelligent, a lover of fine arts, good looking, successful and from old European heritage. I help you as a friend and as a psychiatrist. What more could you want?” Will waited for him to turn around himself in a perfect move to show off his assets. It made him angry and irrational.

“If you weren’t a serial killer and a psychopath you’d be perfect,” Will’s laugh was a bitter one and he tried not to let the pressure behind his eyes turn into tears.

“I rid the earth of swine that don’t deserve to live on this earth,” Hannibal continued. “Isn’t that a noble thing to do?” He sounded genuinely curious and Will wanted to punch a hole through the wall as white hot anger prickled along his spine.

“It’s not your right to do so! You are not above them!” Will snaps and he felt a splitting headache coming out of nowhere, sending a spike of agony through his brain, before he managed to compose himself again.

“Am I not?” Hannibal asked and Will suddenly felt cold at the tone of his voice. With wide eyes he stared at the man who suddenly seemed so much darker and larger. The sharp smell of ozone spread through the inside of the barn and Will took several steps back as black shadows seemed to crawl from the dark corners into the middle, wavering through the air, moving onto them and blackening every speck of light for a second. The air itself felt as if it bore down on him, a weight that hadn’t been there a moment before. With a flinch he closed his eyes against something that wasn’t really there and still felt like a threat against every inch of his skin.

When Will finally was able to take a breath again and opened his eyes he blinked in shock.

He obviously had gone mad because there was no way what he saw could really be there.

Two giant *wings* spread from Hannibal’s back, occupying so much more room than the man alone. Mostly shiny black, but speckled with grey and brown feathers they were unbelievable impressive and Will couldn’t take his eyes off of them.

“What are you,” he whispered in shock. With shaking hands, he reached behind to find a wall to steady himself.

Amusement shone in those eyes that appeared to have a reddish golden shine now. Will shivered.

“What do you think I am?” His voice seemed to be lower, the accent a purr, resonating through the room and deep into his core.

Swallowing hard to work saliva into his dry mouth, he shook his head. “You can’t be. It’s not possible.” Taking a step back he put his weight against the wall so he wouldn’t lose his footing and slip down to the floor.

The wings moved slightly and the sound of the feathers bristling against each other sounded like an echo of water running happily down a small stream. This was too surreal and he wondered if he was sleepwalking, hallucinating or having a nightmare. He wasn’t sure which he’d prefer.

Will kept staring at the wings, at the graceful arch of the bones and the slight glistening of the feathers. He still didn’t know if they were actually there, and his fingers itched to touch, to make them real.

“I’m afraid I have to interrupt you in your attempt to find logic in this, my dear Will, but I would prefer to leave now. Will you give me the pleasure of your company?” Will tore his eyes from the wings in time to see a slight tilt to Hannibal’s lips. He obviously found this very amusing.

Straightening away from the wall he frowned. “Where will you go?”

“Home, of course. I have appointments tomorrow morning and I would like to solve our current dilemma before it’s time to face my patients.”

The surrealism of talking to a winged creature about having appointments in the morning caused Will's brain to fall into a state of vertigo and he had to close his eyes for a moment.

The sound of dripping blood in the quiet space of the aisle reminded him of the body that was with them in the barn and for a moment Will was disgusted at how he had simply forgotten the murder that had taken place here. He opened his eyes again and stared at the body.

"This is the angel maker," he stated, already knowing the answer.

Hannibal nodded. "It is indeed." His wings seemed to stretch out for a moment. It gave Hannibal the air of being pleased.

Taking a deep breath, Will turned around and went for the exit, not waiting or looking behind if Hannibal followed. He needed fresh air. He would send a text to Jack, saying that he had an idea where they could find the killer and then he would drive home. There was nothing for him to do here.

When he stepped out of the building into the crystal clear and ice cold night, Hannibal was already waiting for him outside, standing next to his car as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

Will didn't even pause in his stride and he wondered how deep in shock he was or if he'd lost it already. When he passed the still figure, he distantly noted the wings were gone and the suit was clean now, no traces of blood left. There went the mystery of why the Chesapeake Ripper never left any evidence behind. With a swift motion he sat behind the steering wheel and started the car.

"Since you seem to have no problem appearing wherever you want to be, I'd like to have this conversation in my own home," he said into his empty car, his voice dulled under the sound of the engine. Somehow he suspected Hannibal understood him perfectly.

The drive itself passed quickly. He barely took note of his surroundings, making the trip on autopilot while his brain raced into all possible and impossible directions.

A different humanoid species, aliens, angels, demons, monsters, mutants. So many possibilities and every single one of them insane. By the time he reached his house he was convinced it had all been a fever dream and nothing of it had happened.

Maybe he should have called Jack right away to guide him to the body. If there even was a body.

Hysteric laughter stuck in his throat when he saw the dark figure standing on his porch.

Taking a deep breath, he got out of the car and went past Hannibal without acknowledging him. His dogs poured out of the house when he opened the doors and Will felt a quiet sense of betrayal when they greeted Hannibal just as enthusiastically as always, before making their way into the surrounding area.

Not waiting for Hannibal, he went in and right to his liquor cabinet, getting out his whiskey and pouring himself a generous amount. He had the feeling he would need any help he could get for whatever happened now.

The sound of the door closing behind him sent a shiver along his spine and his grip around the glass tightened.

For a moment there were no sounds besides the rush of blood in his ears.

“You are taking this remarkably well so far.”

Will snorted and finally turned around. That he didn’t drop the glass was pure luck as he was met with the view of Hannibal surrounded by his impressive wings.

With a glare at the amusement shining in Hannibal’s eyes and the quick upwards twitch of his wings, Will dropped down to sit on his bed.

“So. What are you?” he asked with another long swallow, the liquor burning down his throat.

Hannibal still stood in front of the door, his body slightly angled towards him. With a gentle head tilt and a barely noticeable twitch in his wings, he regarded Will.

“What do you think I am?”

Will pulled a face and refrained from making the rude comment about psychiatrists he had on his tongue. He had the feeling that Hannibal wouldn’t be fazed by his rudeness, but one could never be careful enough with winged serial killers who usually killed the rude.

“I would’ve said angel, but I’m not really keen in opening that religious can of worms; besides your actions *kind of* contradict what you’d expect an angel to be, so the next best thing would be a fallen angel or a demon and no thank you,” he shrugs. “But it’s clearly true that there’s a lot more to the universe than science can explain at the moment.”

The sudden rustle of feathers made him flinch as Hannibal moved towards him in a few slow strides.

“As I said,” he took Will’s empty glass out of his hands, “you’re taking this remarkably well.” With one of his barely there smiles, he turned around, the movement bringing his wings and its long remiges close enough to have them brush against Will’s knees.

The light touch made him jump, a gasp escaping his mouth as a soft tingling feeling spread up his thighs and down his calves. The whole situation gained more impact and reality all of the sudden.

Hannibal didn’t react besides stretching his wings slightly back towards him, just calmly refilling his glass before returning it to him. The glint in his maroon eyes said he knew exactly what had happened. Will wondered how many tests he’d already passed tonight.

“You have fucking *wings*,” he said stupidly.

The look he received was entirely fond and Will ducked his head, concentrating on the spot where the long primary feathers brushed over his floorboards. He felt the ridiculous urge to clean the floor so there wouldn't be any dog hair caught in them.

"I do indeed."

Now Will felt the need to slap the smug look off his face.

Looking up to him where he stood in front of the bed, he glared. "Why now?"

"Pardon?"

"Why now? Why me? You can't tell me you didn't know I was coming ages before I set foot into that room. So you consciously decided to reveal yourself to me. Why now, why like this? What changed?"

Will didn't see any change in the man himself, but the twitch in his wings was telling and he knew he'd hit the issue spot on.

It suddenly occurred to him that he was reading Hannibal's emotions from his *wings* and for a moment he contemplated how fucked up that idea was. After having trouble reading Hannibal properly for so long, it was almost ridiculously easy to interpret the twitches and flares of his wings.

The man, *creature*, regarded him with unreadable eyes and Will stilled.The wings had frozen in a lower arch as if ready to spring into action any second now. Something important was about to happen.

"The world is at a turning point, Will. Nothing will ever be the same for the human race." Hannibal hesitated and Will's eyebrows climbed up, because what.

"Are you seriously implying that the apocalypse will be happening or something?" he asked incredulously.

A slight smile returns to Hannibal's face and his wings relaxed to a degree.
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"Oh Will," he said fondly as if talking to a child. You're already in the middle of it. You should watch more news. Worldwide military conflicts, global warming, Donald Trump. Trust me, Will. The only way is down. What is called humanity is on the brink of wiping itself off this planet."

Will groaned and put his face in his hand, rubbing it forcefully before downing his second glass. This couldn't be happening. This was a dream. A horrible joke of a dream.

"Why me, then? Rude, unsociable, broken?" Will scoffed.

"Will," he said, downright reproachful, wings rustling in agitation. "You are one of the most remarkable human beings I have encountered in my time here. The way your mind works is a true miracle to me and having the opportunity to be in your presence is a privilege."

Will shook his head in exasperation, dismissing Hannibal's words without a second thought. They've known each other for just a few months, and even though he considered Hannibal a friend… he had no idea what delusions Hannibal suffered from.

"So what's your plan then? Whisk me off to some lonely island? Build me a fort? Kill everyone who comes near me?" he scoffed.

"Would you agree to one of those?"

He answers with a snort.

"Nothing that drastic then. I'd offer myself as…"

"I swear to god, if you say *Guardian Angel* I will end you." Will looked up between his fingers and found Hannibal almost glowing with suppressed mirth. This whole situation seemed to be a dream come true to him.

Closing his eyes in exasperation, Will held out his hand with his empty glass, silently demanding a refill. After a moment the glass left his hand and he listened to the sounds of Hannibal moving through the room, trying to hear the wings rustle.

He looked back up when he felt the bed dip and saw Hannibal sitting next to him, offering him his drink. Sans wings, which he noted with a pang.

"So. These wings. You don't actually fly," he hesitated.

"They're a representation. A metaphor of my true self to make it easier for you to look at me. Sometimes I just need to stretch my true form as the human body is quite small and constricting," he explained calmly. To say Hannibal looked like the cat that got the canary was an understatement.

"Would you feel it when I touch them?"

The sudden change in the air was like a slap to his face, almost touchable. Will wondered if he'd be dead in a second as he tried to slowly breathe through the tension. Even the dogs looked up from where they had sprawled in front of the fireplace.

Letting his eyes meet Hannibal's maroon stare for a moment he realized what kind of electricity had suddenly charged the room and he licked his lips unconsciously.

Hannibal's eyes followed the movement.

"I would feel it. It would be like touching your skin. Intimate." Hannibal's voice had lowered until it was barely more like the idea of a sound and Will swallowed hard, his mouth suddenly dry.

Will has made peace with the knowledge of not being as straight as he always thought to be. Too much had he been affected by the atmosphere in their therapy sessions, the quiet evenings over drinks and in front of the fireplace. Once he'd realized he thought of Hannibal

as weirdly *attractive* he'd known he'd stepped over the side of a cliff and there was no going back.

"When was the last time someone touched them?"

He cleared his throat as the words came out as husky and he couldn't prevent his ears from heating in a blush.

Hannibal tilted his head to the side, a calculating look in his eyes as if he needed to decide how much he could tell him.

"Nobody has ever touched them. Nobody has seen them in a very long time."

Will wanted to ask why, but he already knew. Hannibal would never let anyone close enough to reveal himself.

For a moment Will felt something like pity for the man. Then he realized what he was thinking and scowled. This was a murderer. A *thing* that has been murdering people for who knows how long and for some reason it had decided to play with Will.

He got up to move to the kitchen in brisk strides, but stopped after just a few steps. He turned around with narrowed eyes.

"You never really answered my question of why now."

"I decided on a whim today, to let myself be seen. I wanted to see what you would do and you exceeded my expectations."

Hannibal got up and Will fought the urge to take a step back.

"I possess the ability to predict the future quite accurately. At least up to a certain point. After living among humans for a long time it's easy to predict most outcomes, at least if you know the majority of variables. Since this time I was the main cause of all following events it was easy to see where the current path was heading. I might not be able to precisely predict your actions, but when 9 out of 10 outcomes were less than… acceptable, I decided to change my plans. Radically." His face went distant for a moment. "As I have become rather fond of you, Will."

Will swallowed. He stared at the man in front of him, letting his eyes roam over his impeccable suit, neatly styled hair and intense expression on his face, trying to see the inhuman being under the human disguise. It made his head throb.

"How old are you?" he asked finally.

Instead of answering, Hannibal looked at him with sharp calculation, before his arms snapped up and broad hands suddenly engulfed his face.

"Hannibal…!" he snapped, shock seizing his hard for a moment. His hands shot up to grip Hannibal's wrists to dislodge his hold.

“Will.”

The urgent tone made Will pause.

In a flare of soft light, his wings appeared to unfold behind him again, stretching out until the tips almost touched the opposite sides of the room. Before he could react, he felt warmth radiating from Hannibal’s fingertips right into his skin, deeper into his bones, until he thought he could feel the heat in his brain. He was too shocked to do anything but let it happen.

When the hands finally let go of his face it felt as if all warmth had left his body for a moment. There was some leftover tingling flitting under his skull and Will frowned.

“What… what did you just do?” He felt… light.

“I cured you from your encephalitis.”

“You what??” Will realized he was still holding onto Hannibal’s wrists and finally relaxed his grip and stepped back.

Will was momentarily distracted by Hannibal’s wings sagging down, clearly conveying his displeasure at losing Will’s touch. He cursed the wings as he felt a pang of regret.

“Thank you,” he finally managed, still trying to get a grip on what had just happened. The amount of power Hannibal had was staggering. Magic? The Force? Will felt his hands get damp with nerves.

Hannibal inclined his head, but stayed silent. He seemed displeased at the sudden caution he read in Will if the rigid arch of his wings was anything to go by.

Will forced himself to relax his stance.

“Don’t think I missed what you did.”

The wings tensed.

“You avoided the question. How old are you?” He went for flippant and playfully accusing and Hannibal reacted gloriously to it, eyes lighting up and wings rising in a beautiful arch.

“Would you believe me, if I told you?” He smiled wide, his face transforming into something gentle and Will had to swallow against the sudden lump in his throat.

“Probably not.”

For a moment they just stared silently at each other, then Hannibal sobered up and stepped closer, the distance between them once again melting to barely an arm’s length.

Hannibal looked dead serious as he brought one of his wings to his front clearly, inviting Will to touch. The man seemed relaxed and at ease to Will but his wings were tense, the long remiges almost shaking with it. He still didn’t know if Hannibal realized he was conveying all of his emotions with them.

“You’re really allowing me to touch your… wings.”

Without answering the wing was stretched forwards until Will could see the light reflected in the shiny smooth feathers. It made his fingers twitch and before he could talk himself out of it he reached out and placed his fingertips gently on the top arch.

It felt smooth and warm, but the feathers appeared to be more solid than expected, an almost impenetrable surface under his fingertips. There was a soft gasp from Hannibal and from the corner of his eyes Will saw his eyes fluttering close for a moment.

Encouraged he placed his whole palm on the broad plane and stroked down in a deliberately slow motion. The twitch that earned him almost threw off his hand and Will drew it back quickly.

“I’m sorry.”

Hannibal shook his head once.

“It’s fine. It… the feeling is a bit more intense than I had expected.” Will looked as surprised as Hannibal as he admitted that. Carefully, he licked his lips and Will fixated on the moisture appearing there. He swallowed hard.

This hadn’t been his plan for the night. Nothing of this made any sense in the course of his existence as a simple human being. Things like his plan to clean his shed this weekend seemed ridiculously stupid now.

Will took a deep breath and placed his hand back on the wing hovering in front of him.

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Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

> As Will's reality continues to tilt in all the wrong ways, Hannibal enjoys this entirely too much. Then there is porn, because what else is there to do with *wings*??

Chapter Notes

> So this fic kept fighting me for every word and before I put the whole thing into the trash I thought I'd get help and Hotsauce418 was so kind to save this story! With porn. And a bit of crack? x)
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> Thanks Llew for the beta! All remaining mistakes are mine and Hotty's lol

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Hannibal closed his eyes, unable to keep them open when Will’s fingers caused the next wave of heat to wind itself around his being.

He hadn’t lied to Will when he said nobody had ever touched his wings. He only ever stretched his being beyond the constricting human form of this body when he was alone. It made him vulnerable and he felt bare right now, as if stripped naked. The world around him felt muted normally, as if he was experiencing it through thick layers of water around him, but right now he floated close to the surface. Heat and fire were licking along his form where usually just the constant pressure of skin was.

He opened his eyes again, unable to resist the view of Will standing in front of him, stroking him.

The man had a look of deep concentration on his face. His soft lips were parted, eyes glued to where his fingers delved into feathers to find skin and bone. Hannibal could feel his calluses from repairing motors and handling guns and he tried to hold in the quiver that threatened to shake him. His body obeyed, but the shivering rustle of his wings betrayed his excitement.

He knew Will had caught on quickly. This tiny, fragile human being with its brilliant mind had immediately seen the chance to read him. He wasn’t freaking out and shooting at him, wasn’t running away in shock. There was no smell of fear on him and the weariness had left Will the moment he’d allowed him to touch his wings.

Hannibal had been quite confident that the risk he was taking would be rewarded, but the danger of Will defying his expectations had still been there. He knew that attempting to predict how Will reacted to outside stimuli was never easy.

Over the course of the last months Hannibal had created dozens of scenarios in his head to imagine how Will would react to his influence and manipulations. Several of them had looked promising with the chance of Will joining him at the end, and yet all of them had ended in bloodshed and Hannibal staying alone. It was unacceptable as long as there was even the slightest chance that Will could be at his side, so he decided to change the rules. Nothing could have prepared him for how easily Will just seemed to embrace everything about him.

The darkness that was living in Will had been calling out to Hannibal from the moment he had laid eyes on him. Such a fascinating thing. He had hoped it would help Will to accept him as the Chesapeake Ripper as a companion in his life. Apparently that had been too much to ask, but as a creature, far away from humanity it had posed no problem at all. Human logic was so amusing. If that was the thing that helped Will to accept him then he would gladly take it.

Will lifted his other hand and suddenly both of them were gliding over his wings and he couldn't keep the moan down as his entire being started to vibrate with pleasure. Fingers carded through feathers, burying into the soft downy underside to find skin, gripping his seemingly fragile bones.

Will's gaze flitted to his face for a moment. His eyes were sparkling with heat and intense curiosity and Hannibal wanted to claw them out of their sockets to stare into their depths.

Will must have guessed what went on in his mind because suddenly fingernails dug into the skin under his feathers in a fierce scratch and the white hot bolt of pleasure and pain sent him to his knees with a gasp as his legs simply gave out.

Instinctively, he reached out to stabilize himself, his fingers knotted into the fabric of Will's shirt above his waist. He found himself looking up along his lean body into wide, surprised eyes.

He noticed that Will hadn't loosened his grip.

Hannibal could see countless thoughts racing behind dark blues eyes and he wondered which one would win out. He stayed as he was, frozen at Will's feet in reverence.

It felt like coming home and he wasn't sure how he felt about that.

Will distracted him by taking one of his hands away from his wing to place it on Hannibal's face. He wished he could feel the touch as clear as the one still burning against his wing.

"Do you feel pain?"

Hannibal blinked at the question, the hand stroking his cheek mildly distracting.

“Do you intend to hurt me?”

Will tilted his head and flexed the fingers still gripping the bone of his wing. It twitched.

“No.”

They both knew he’d taken too long to answer and Hannibal smiled up to him in delight, which caused a slight flush to spread over Will’s cheeks.

It was remarkable how easily Will had accepted the fact that Hannibal was kneeling in front of him, looking up, wings out and hands holding his hips.

Will’s thumb started to trace the shape of Hannibal’s lips, dipping in to find the sharp edges of his incisors.

Will opened his mouth to let out a murmur.

“I have no idea what I’m doing. I have no idea what the hell is happening. And why.”

Hannibal tilted his head to press his face into the warm palm and spoke against the finger. “Does there have to be a why? Let your instincts guide you.” He lowered his voice to a suggestive tone and watched Will’s pupils widen.

Will’s hand let go of the edge of his wing to start a slow path along the underside, carding his fingers through the softer downy feathers. Hannibal drew in a sharp breath and his eyes dropped to the visible erection pressing against the fly of Will’s jeans.

The sharp tang of arousal flooded his nostrils and he couldn’t stop himself from drawing in a deep breath the savor the heady fragrance.

When he felt Will’s hand against his face twitch, he took it as an invitation and leaned forward, nuzzling his nose against the rough fabric.

He heard Will’s soft groan above him and the sound sent a delicious shiver through his body. His feathers actually fluffed up and his wings arched in a sharp bow. When Will’s hands left him just to grip both of his wings right above his shoulder blades the razor-sharp heat spiking through his body almost had him sagging forward against Will’s legs.

“Will,” he moaned.

The grip didn’t lessen.

“You’re a millennia old being. Powerful. Immortal. You’re kneeling at my feet and moaning like a bitch in heat. Explain,” he hissed, voice wavering at the end.

He was glorious and Hannibal wanted to open his human chest to let Will crawl inside and curl up around his heart. He let out a soft groan at Will’s fierceness.

“Your soul,” he gasped as Will flexed his fingers, scraping his nails over skin. “It shines brighter than any I’ve ever seen, but it’s…” he took a deep breath. “It’s streaked with black

and red, so unlike everyone else's."

Will's fingers released their grip on his wings and started to just stroke up and down the arch of bone, rustling feathers in their wake. Hannibal opened his eyes he hadn't realized had fallen closed and looked up. Will looked calculating and deep in thought. He swallowed hard and Hannibal watched the bob of his Adam's apple, a sharp spike of pleasure racing through his body.

"I want to fuck you."

The words rang through the silent room and before Will could second-guess himself, Hannibal started to undo Will's belt in front of him.

"You hope to experience a form of power over me knowing that you have no chance of ever achieving it," he murmured, excitement causing his feathers to fluff up even more.

"Maybe. Are you opposed to it?" Will growled in reply, his hands tightening, causing Hannibal to lose track of what he was doing for a moment.

"Not at all," he murmured softly, and when his fingers had finally managed to open Will's trousers and pulled them down with his underwear he didn't hesitate before leaning forward and taking the hard member into his mouth.

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Will felt his head fall back and a groan ripple from his throat. The wet heat of Hannibal's mouth thoroughly engulfed him as he hollowed his cheeks and bobbed his head with slow purpose. Will's hand lingered between his shoulder blades, holding onto the arch of his wings. When Hannibal released him with a wet pop, looking up with dark eyes, Will's hands moved to his hair. He threaded his fingers through the strands that were softer than they appeared. Everything about Hannibal felt softer than it appeared, deceptively so.

Hannibal suckled at the head of his cock, circling the head with long licks before he engulfed him in the heat of his mouth again. Will's hands left the silken strands and found their way back to those gracefully arched wings. They trembled as Hannibal sucked, the feathers fluffing. Will dug his fingers in, again, just to feel the wings shiver as he dug under the hard shell the feathers made and rested the tips of each finger against skin.

Hannibal release him, his eyes shiny and wide "Do you feel as if you have power over me now, Will?" His voice was thick and rough.

Will felt breathless, fingers still digging into Hannibal's back. It was affecting Hannibal as much as it affected Will. He could feel how Hannibal tried to fold the feather appendages back but was held still by Will's fingers. "Power? No."

Hannibal smiled at that and slowly licked over his lips. "You are delicious, Will. I knew you would be."

Will's cock ached, twitching as he felt Hannibal's breath ghost over it. Hannibal only smiled up to him, and Will watched as his bowed lips rounded and stretched as he took him back into his mouth. He was gentle, something else that seemed less than truth. When Hannibal stilled, invitation clearly in his eyes, Will chased the hot cavern of that mouth. He thrust into it again and again, feeling the head of his cock brush against the back of Hannibal's throat. He didn't gag, his eyes didn't tear, he only looked up to Will with breathless anticipation. It was as if he was feeling conceited about Will's enjoyment.

Will stuttered and pulled himself free, his cock leaving a shiny trail over Hannibal's lips. He dropped to his knees before Hannibal. The surprised look that earned him when they were face to face made Will smile. He put a hand to each side of Hannibal's face and watched his eyelids flutter and his wings flex, the feather brushing with a muffled swish against the floor.

Hannibal opened his mouth to him, when he leaned in for a kiss, a twitch of his lips betraying how pleased he was. Will teased along his tongue, drank him in. Hannibal tasted warm and alive, whatever he was. With Hannibal's plush lips against Will's own, he couldn't help but nibble at the plump bottom lip he presented to him. A new rustle of feathers and Will found that Hannibal had flexed his wings fully in a wide arch then curled them and wrapped around them both. They didn't touch Will, simply encasing them together in a wall of sleek black.

Will ended their kiss and released his hold on Hannibal's face. He extend his hands in wonder and let gentle fingers run down the curved black feathers that caged them. The wings trembled and pulled away quickly before resuming their position. Hannibal was open mouthed, his dark eyes betraying his own lust, his expression pure aching need.

Hannibal looked suddenly so fragile, feathers trembling and eyes moist as he waited hoping that Will would touch him again. Will smiled as he pressed a soft kiss to the corner of Hannibal's mouth before leaning back. His eyes tracked the smallest twitch of his lips that betrayed Hannibal's smile.

"The bed," Will finally breathed, cock aching and insistent, Hannibal's own pants bulging even though he hadn't even been touched yet.

Suddenly, he was gone before him, no flutter of movement to follow. In only a blink of an eye Hannibal was suddenly sitting almost coy on his knees in the center of the bed, entirely naked. He looked pleased with himself, wings flexing slightly at the incredulous way Will smiled.

"That's a nice trick." Will was on his feet then, cock hard and exposed with his pants undone as he approached the bed. "What if part of my experiencing power was undressing you?"

Will could only admonish so much. Hannibal placed his hands on his thighs, drawing attention to his hard cock. The head of which was peeking past the foreskin with an angry shade of pink, bobbing as Will came closer. The wings flinched, and Will didn't know which he wanted to watch more. Hannibal's chest was covered in brown and silvering chest hair. Will suddenly wanted to grip it between each finger. It was Hannibal's face that captured his attention after, expectantly waiting, somehow managing to look proper sitting naked for Will. There was a tiny flair of his nostrils, and an impatient half smile.

“I saved you the trouble.”

Will rolled his eyes and began to unbutton his shirt, all the while watching his winged psychiatrist. Hannibal was hypervigilant of every movement. When Will shrugged off his shirt, Hannibal’s wings shuddered. Will kicked off his shoes and pants to the floor, and took his now angry red cock in his hand. A few dry pulls gave him no relief.

“Then how about you save me some more trouble?” With every stroke Hannibal’s eyes darkened. Were it possible they were nearly inky black as the wings themselves. Hannibal looked so prim, but so utterly ready to strike. Will lost his smile and gripped himself tight. “Turn over, on your knees. Shoulders to the mattress.”

Will got to watch him move this time. He looked so happy to be complying. Hannibal wanted this as much as Will did. He bent over and rested on his forearms, ass raised in the air. He stretched those black wings wide, shuddering in a half flap before he lowered them. The tips of the feathers rustled against the mattress as they rested.

Tension rippled a wave, a shiver as his wings made another rustle against the sheets when the mattress dipped under Will’s knees. Will crawling to be centered behind him, watching Hannibal’s thighs tense and the muscles of his ass clench. When Will pulled his cheeks apart the quills scraped with a hard jerk.

His hole was shiny. Will wondered if somehow he had prepared himself before he appeared on his doorstep. He circled the fluttering muscle, his finger slick with the ease of a lubricating substance. When Will slipped the tip of his finger inside he was surprised by the gentle relenting of muscle and the hot wet heat as the digit entered into Hannibal. He hadn't intended to voice his shock but it fell from his lips anyway. "You're wet?"

Hannibal smiled over his shoulder, a coy look from the top of a black wing. "Of all the things you've seen today, this is what surprises you the most?"

Will wanted to fuck the smug sound from his voice. “It’s too bad; I wanted to taste you.”

There was only a small victory as the smile faltered, a glint in his ever-darkening eyes. “You still can.”

When Hannibal rested the side of his face against a pillow, Will lowered his face to his round backside. Brushing his nose gently against his tailbone, he gave a tentative lick, refusing to betray any surprise this time at the sweet taste.

Hannibal was wet, and it tasted like candy; cotton candy to be precise. Will hummed against him as he gave a light sucking kiss to his hole, feeling the muscle flutter. It was nothing compared to the soft sound Hannibal made, the whisper of pleasure. Will gave a long lick from his perineum back, lapping softly at his hole and humming as the sweetness coated his tongue and was sticky to his lips.

When he pointed his tongue and pushed in the very tip, the muscle relented and he pushed through. He was even sweeter inside, Will had the mental image of the candy pink fluff, puffs of spun sugar.

Will gripped his cock hard; he had to fuck Hannibal *now*. He smacked his tongue against his lips, exaggeratedly licking the sugar away. Slowly pushing two fingers, watching them sink into the pink heat with ease and hearing that soft sound, that flap and jerk of the feathers. He couldn't wait.

His voice was deeper than he intended when he repeated some of Hannibal's words to him, "You are delicious, Hannibal. I should have known you would be."

Will lined his cock up and pushed in. He moaned, watching as he disappeared into the wet heat. It was one smooth motion until he was flush against Hannibal's ass. It felt like nothing Will had ever experienced. There was a shiver along his length, then Hannibal clamped down on his cock. Will had to catch himself, nearly falling forward against Hannibal's back.

"Will, please move." The tension in his voice didn't betray the gentle command.

"How am I supposed to experience power if you keep trying to take it from me?" Will pulled out slowly, sinking back in at the same teasing pace. Hannibal tried to push his hips back, only to have them caught in a tight grip. "No, no. Stay still."

The teasing was taking its toll on Will, but he refused to give in. In and out, a liquid heat that pooled in his gut. He felt sweat beginning to drip from his temples. There would be bruises on Hannibal's hips if he were capable of bruising. Will wasn't opposed to finding out. He quickened his pace, leaning over to change the angle and reach underneath to stroke Hannibal's own cock with one hand, while his other stroked up the smooth muscular back to find the base of one of the wings to wrap his fingers around it. The reaction was instantaneous. A low keening sound broke out of Hannibal and his wings arched off the bed in a shockingly abrupt twitch.

Will froze for a moment as Hannibal tightened impossibly around him. After a few seconds Hannibal seemed to get a grip and his wings settled down again. Will took a deep breath and concentrated on what he was doing. He wasn't lost to it yet, he could still appreciate how soft Hannibal's cock was. The gentle pull of his foreskin as he made effort to lose himself to touch instead of the tight wet heat he'd buried himself in again.

The wings suddenly fluffed, the feathers and soft down taking on the appearance of a bird trying to warm itself front the cold.

Hannibal was leaking, and Will used it to ease his strokes. He pushed in hard, stroking Hannibal's cock faster and tightened his grip on the wing, using it as leverage to pull himself forward faster and harder. There came a soft muffled sound, like the coo of a dove.

"This power over you," Will's head fell forward as he sunk back into Hannibal's body, "Do I have it now?"

Hannibal had his face pressed into the pillow. Will lost the view when Hannibal's wings stretched out fully with a jerk, his cock doing the same in Will's hand. He trembled as he came over Will's hand, shooting onto the sheets below him. His hole clenched around Will and he began to pound into Hannibal harder.

Will didn’t come right away; he fucked Hannibal past his orgasm with vigour. He finally released his cock as Hannibal began to whimper, having long since gone soft. Will gripped into his hips again, the sound of slapping skin echoing through his tiny house. Those soft sounds were coming again, a gentle coo as Will thrust in hard and came with a groan, pulsing and twitching inside of Hannibal. He gave a few thrusts before he finally finished and pulled out gently.

“Move the wings?” Will panted.

Hannibal drew them up tight to his back so that Will lay down beside him. Hannibal rolled to his side to face Will, his eyes lazy and the color turning back to soft cognac. He lay unblinking, watching intently as Will wiped his sweat away.

When Will finally looked over to him and acknowledged his stare, there was a tug to his bowed lip the hint of a smile. Will smiled back. He scooted closer and kissed Hannibal, slipping his tongue past that smile. He teased along his tongue gently, deepening the kiss with small nips before he leaned away just as they started to pant again.

Will laughed in disbelief, letting his hand fall to Hannibal’s chest. There was the impossibly calm thump of his heart, while Will's own raced wildly. Hannibal watched intently as Will took his hand and placed it on his own chest, resting his own hand on top. Will’s eyes widened ever so slightly as thoughts consumed him.

What in the hell was happening here? Will had no idea what Hannibal actually was. Yesterday he was his psychiatrist, his friend. Today he had strung up bodies like a marionette. Today he had feathers and took Will's cock like it had always belonged inside him. Now they were almost cuddling. He felt the insane urge to keep laughing.

The sudden feeling of one of those huge wings touching his naked body and blanketing him from head to toe tore him out of his head. He realized that he’d started to shiver with his sweat drying on his skin.

“Thanks,” he murmured, slightly breathless, the tender feeling of down, soft as satin all over his body a shocking one. A comfortable silence fell over the room until Will couldn’t stop himself anymore.

“I can’t believe you made yourself taste like cotton candy.”

Hannibal preened, his smile brilliant.

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End Notes

As usual I apologize to those who are waiting for an update on my HP AU. I am writing! I promise!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!